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CRIME IS AWESOME AND SO AM I

MILLAR & McNIVEN'S NEMESIS

CHAPTER TWO

PREVIOUSLY

The world's most notorious super-criminal has left a trail of dead police officers across Asia...and now he has his sights set on Washington, D.C.'s finest: Chief Blake Morrow. Announcing his arrival in the United States by downing Air Force One and taking the President hostage, Nemesis makes his intent clear: As revenge for a stolen childhood, he will kill Morrow at midnight on March the Twelfth.

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THE CHILDHOOD HOME OF MATTHEW ANDERSON, TWENTY YEARS AGO:
POLICE

I'm sorry to interrupt the party, Mrs. Anderson. But I'm afraid we need to speak with your husband.
POLICE
POLICE

I hope there's nothing wrong, Officer Morrow.
Just something he said when I interviewed him about those missing girls. One tiny inconsistency...
Get the boy out of here.
Now.

"My parents had been running a hunting club for fifteen years involving teenage runaways and rich friends.
"The scandal ripped our lives apart. I lost everything and was adopted by my Father's saintly brother when he took control of our billion-dollar electronics empire.

"Bored shitless with his endless choir practice and impeccable manners, I ran away and travelled the world, learning at the feet of its magnificent bastards.
"By twelve I was a gang lord. At fifteen I was Asia's largest drugs exporter. At twenty-three I headed a Zoroastrian death-cult and was finally ready to honor my mother's dying wish."

I want you to destroy that clever policeman, my darling. Blake Morrow is the one who stopped the champagne.

Thus Nemesis was born...
...all those other cops just practice.

Welcome to your new career, gentlemen.
Any questions before we start?
Yeah, how come we had to get blindfolded?

Because this is my *home*, Gas-Pipe. You might be my new and trusted henchmen, but I'm afraid you're all still *notorious local criminals*.
As long as we still get ten million apiece. I hope that wasn't *bullshit*.
That's for real, Gentle Joe. You each have your area of expertise from technology crime to burglary. I firmly believe you get what you *pay* for.
What about *the President*? That looked *great* on TV. Where you got *him* holed up?
Oh, I'm saving the President for our *grand finale*, Jackie. Now why don't you all sit down and enjoy a couple of lines...
I'm thinking up riddles for our brilliant Chief of Police.

Q: What gets wet when drying?
RedExfield
A: An explosion at the Redskins football stadium.

Q: The more you take the more you leave behind. What are they?
A: The theft of the Hope Diamond.

Q: What fastens two people, but touches only one?
A: The battered bodies of two spinsters.

THE ANDERSON FOUNDATION:
You think I'm *funding* this lunatic?
We've been friends for twenty years, Blake. We take communion at the same church. Do you honestly think I'd do anything to support this *war* he's waging against you?
I have to ask, Howard. He's still your flesh and blood. Your brother's only son.
The Anderson family has spent *one billion dollars* trying to make up for my late brother's *atrocities*.
Nothing would please me more than you bringing that boy to *justice*.

THE PENTAGON;
THE POST-KATRINA NATIONAL INCIDENT MANAGEMENT SYSTEM IS PUT INTO OPERATION.
You think he's clean?
As a whistle, General. The Anderson family seem as horrified as the *rest* of us.
So where do you think he's *hiding*? Son of a bitch can't stay in costume *all* the time.
We have to assume he's adopted another *alias*, sir. Who or what we have no idea.
Gerry, call the White House and get authorization for a city-wide wiretap. You can also tell supplies we need fifty thousand *tracking devices*.
No problem, boss. You want *fries* with that?
Excuse me?
I'm still the head of Homeland Security, asshole. You haven't got my job *just yet*.

Oh, grow the hell up, Webb. We're in the middle of a national emergency here. You should be focusing your attention on these *clues* he's been sending.
"What's black and white and read all over and how does it relate to a *gas attack?*"
I still say it's a newspaper office.
Nah, all his clues are a little more obscure. There's always that weird extra twist.
What do *you* think, Chief?
It's the Pentagon.
What?
Our biggest-selling newspaper is the Washington Post.
The Post was founded in eighteen seventy-seven and in numerological terms one plus eight plus seven plus seven all adds up to the number five.
A pentagon has five sides. Don't you understand? The gas attack is happening *here.*
What?
Are you out of your *fucking mind?*

What the hell?
Shit!
What's going on? How come we're still breathing?
I don't know! I have no idea! But we need to get these people out!

You're wasting your time, Chief.
I pumped a nerve gas through the entire building. All twenty thousand people are dead.

It's the Pentagon, genius.
Bullet-proof glass *everywhere*.
The reason you're still breathing is because we gave you the antidote in your morning coffee.
Neither of you die until March the Twelfth, remember?
What have you *done* here?
What do you *think* I've done? This place is a *treasure trove*. A five-pointed home to all the world's secrets...

Oh my God.
He's put them on the Internet.
Oops.
I'm going to *bury* you for this, Anderson.
Says the man who lost a *president* and all his country's *nuclear codes*.
I thought you were supposed to be *smart*.

THE CHIEF PLOTS HIS REVENGE:
Can I ask you a question, Sergeant Lee?
Do you think splitting up my family and putting them in different safe houses was insensitive?
It's just that separation minimizes their kidnap risk and I didn't want Nemesis to use them as ammunition.
That makes sense.
Not to Peggy. She said I just steam-roll over her opinions and never listen to what she wants.
Do you think I can be a little off-hand with her sometimes? I worry I can be arrogant on occasion.
I'm not sure that's any of my business, Chief.
Fair enough.
Breaking and entering in progress at Caleb Anderson Memorial Hospital! Calling all units...
He's taken the bait! Let's go!

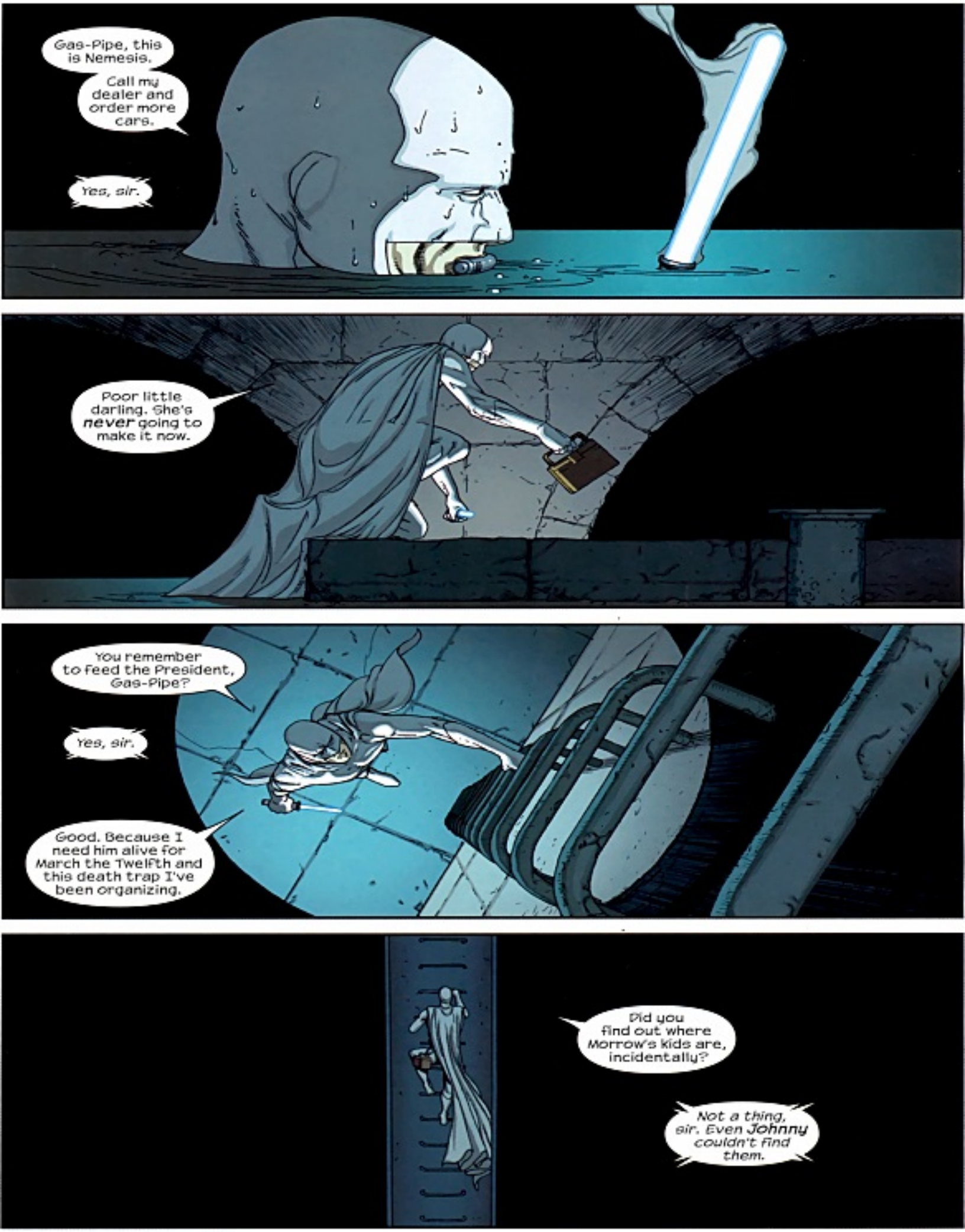
POLICE
Target heading East along the Beltway! As far as we can tell he's still got the goods!
Roger that, Air-Five. Ground Support, are you in position?
He's going nowhere, Chief. What kind of asshole steals a donor organ from a dying child?
Don't even get me started, Charlie. Now stand well back and get ready for anything...
Jesus Christ.
You have got to be kidding!
On the count of three, boys!

Not a fucking chance...
What the hell?

Up your game, assholes!

Son of a bitch! We got him now, sir! He's heading east for the Marina and nothing up front but the Potomac! We got him now!

Cocky little fucks, huh?


Gas-Pipe, this is Nemesis.
Call my dealer and order more cars.
Yes, sir.
Poor little darling. She's never going to make it now.
You remember to feed the President, Gas-Pipe?
Yes, sir.
Good. Because I need him alive for March the Twelfth and this death trap I've been organizing.
Did you find out where Morrow's kids are, incidentally?
Not a thing, sir. Even Johnny couldn't find them.

Don't worry. We'll smoke them out. That's *the whole point* of what's coming up next...
What the hell?
End of the *line*, jackass.

Still think we need to up our game?

UNH!
You sneaky old prick. There never was a little kid on that *transplant list,* was there?
No, just a story you couldn't pass up. That's a *pig's heart* you've been carrying around and a *tracking device* inside.
Pretty fucking cool, huh? Nobody beats the Chief!
You're gonna *die,* asshole! You're gonna get the chair like your evil bitch *mom!*
You *retards!* You brain-dead little *shits...*

You think I didn't *plan* all this?
TO BE CONTINUED

FROM STAR

A SNEAK PEEK AT HOW EACH
SCRIPT TO PENCILS

PAGE THREE

1/ Cut to lots of arrests being made and people led away in cuffs outside, the kid being taken under the wing of his posh, chubby and saintly-looking Uncle. Think a fifty-something Charles Laughton with the satisfied and holy expression of an English clergyman.

CAPTION: My parents had been running a hunting club for fifteen years involving teenage runaways and rich friends.

CAPTION: "The scandal ripped our lives apart. I lost everything and was adopted by my father's saintly brother when he took control of our billion dollar electronics empire.

2/ Cut to China and a shot from behind this young, disturbed man (now in his late teens) as he has a sack over his back and walks through all the toughest neighbourhoods at night.

CAPTION: "Bored shitless with his endless choir practice and impeccable manners, I ran away and travelled the world, learning at the feet of its magnificent bastards.

CAPTION: "By twelve I was a gang lord. At fifteen I was Asia's largest drugs exporter. At twenty-three I headed a Zoroastrian death cult and was finally ready to honour my mother's dying wish."

3/ Cut back to the execution of his posh mother, now wearing a prison uniform, as she's strapped into the electric chair and looking at us very serenely. We can see a calendar on the wall behind her with MARCH and 12 in big letters and a clock above this saying around 10:30. Keep the clock subtle though.

MOTHER: I want you to destroy that clever policeman, my darling. Blake Morrow is the one who stopped the champagne.

4/ Cut to Nemesis as he is today, an extreme close-up of his lower face as he leans forward and smiles every so slightly while talking.

NEMESIS: Thus NEMESIS was born…
NEMESIS: …all those OTHER cops just PRACTICE.

T TO FINISH

PAGE OF *NEMESIS* GOES FROM TO FULL COLOR ART!

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1/ Cool shot as Nemesis lands on the back wheel of this big, white motorbike, taking out a big machine gun and getting ready to face the cops coming in from one of the roads up ahead.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Switch angles as Nemesis sprays one hundred machine gun bullets towards us.

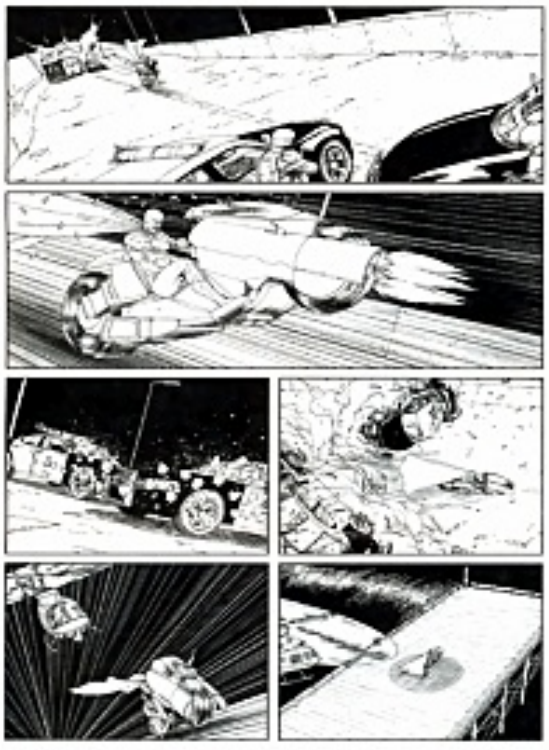
NEMESIS: Up your game, assholes!

3/ Reverse angles again for a shot of all these cops and police cars getting shot to pieces.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Cut to high in the sky as this police helicopter continues chasing him and we see Nemesis as a tiny figure on the highway down below, a bright search-light shining down on him as he tears up the road and heads for the harbour (which is a dead-end).

RADIO BALLOON: Son of a BITCH! We got him NOW, sir! He's heading east for the Marina and nothing up front but THE POTOMAC! We got him NOW!



PAGE TWENTY

1/ Cut to underwater as Nemesis swims down towards us.

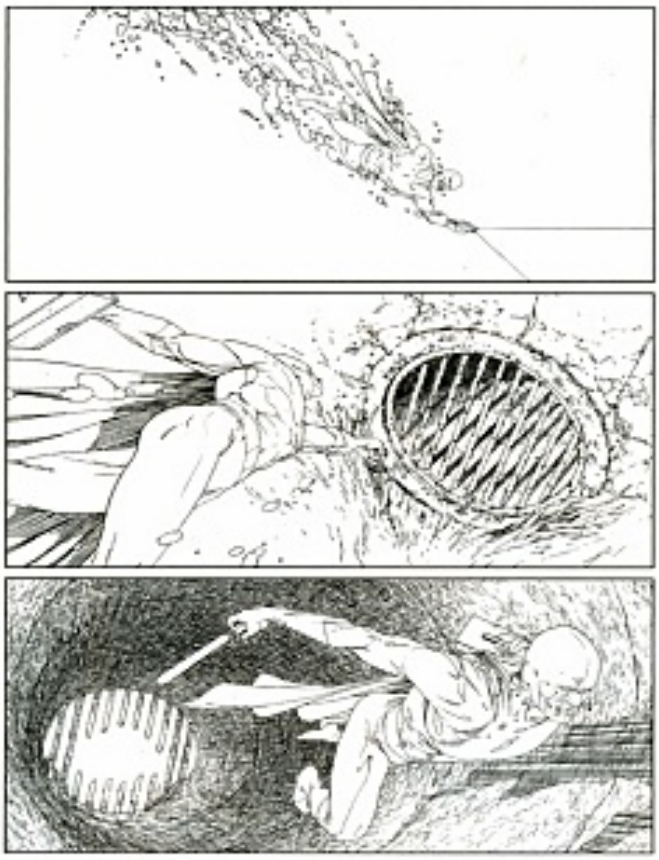
NO DIALOGUE

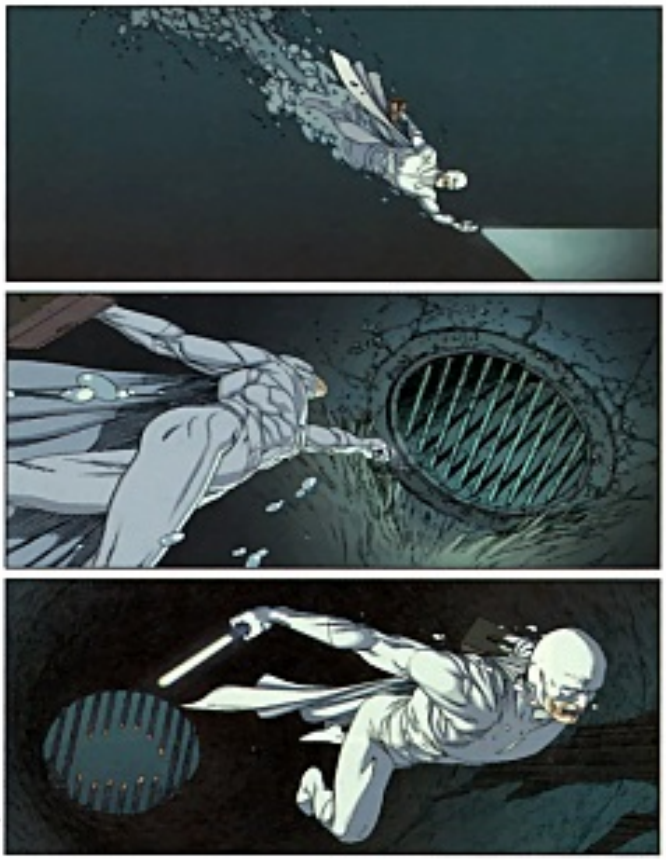
2/ Cut to an underwater shot and the water below as Nemesis swims towards a sewage tunnel entrance with a little medical box in his hand.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Cut to inside the tunnel as he swims towards us through the tunnel, still clutching the little medical box and breathing through some apparatus.

NO DIALOGUE





PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1/ Pull back for an amazing image of literally hundreds of armed officers all pointing their rifles at him here from every angle. He's completely surrounded and even for Nemesis there is no possible means of escape here.

POLICE CHIEF: Still think we need to up our game?

MARK MILLAR

JOHN ROMITA JR.

-ASS

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OH, AND A GIANT ALIEN. SOUNDS ABOUT EVEN, THEN...
MOVE IT. WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS IS TRYING TO TAKE US ALL DOWN. WELL, I GOT OTHER PLANS. AND THEY OWE ME AN EAR...
AAAAA AHHHH!
THERE'S A MEETING TONIGHT. DOWNTOWN. AND WE'RE GOING TO BE THERE.
SUSIE, I GOT A REALLY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
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